CLASS BOOK

1911

L.B.S.

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1911

Published by the Senior Class
Salem Normal School

To Our Beloved Teacher

Miss Harriet L. Martin

We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eleven
dedicate this book
with a grateful remembrance of the patience
and sweetness with which she has guided
us over the thorny path of learning
JUNE, 1911

MISS HARRIET L. MARTIN

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Class Song.

Sheltered so long from the wind's stormy blast,
Out from the haven we venture at last.
Boldly our boat we guide, sails filling free,
Now we are launched on the sea.
Wistful looks back to the shore fading fast;
Wistful regrets for the joys that are past,—
Yes, but what joy doth our pulses now thrill,
What keen exultation doth freedom instill.

Rapids there are, reefs and shoals foaming white,
Often no glimpse of the cheering land light.
Sharp hidden rocks bare their teeth at our prow;
Clouds glower over us now.
Yet to a far gleaming city we strain,
Braving the tempest that goal to attain;
There whence no ship e'er returns shall we rest
Folded safe from the storm 'neath the wings of the West.

M. C. M.

GRADUATING CLASS, 1911

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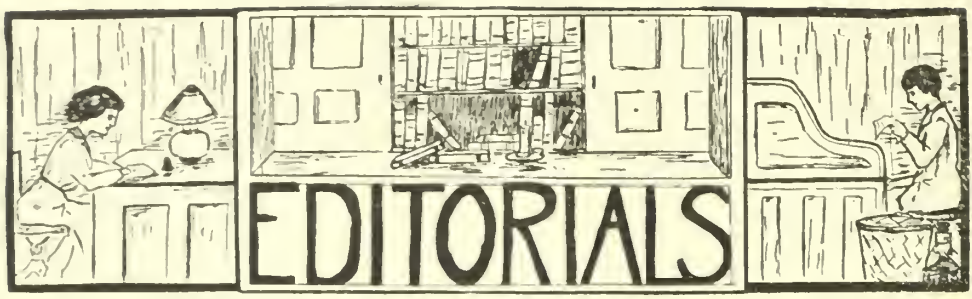


The other evening as I rode on the trolley to Boston, I made a remark to my companion about the number of people who seemed to be studying on the car. "Yes," he replied, "There are more than two thousand young people who come into Boston to attend the night courses at different institutions—an encouraging condition, is it not? They are not all illiterate people either, but gradnates of grammar and high schools, and even college graduates who are specializing farther in a certain direction."

It is to be hoped that our normal school students and graduates will also show as great a thirst for improvement. Some of them apparently look forward to gradnation as the end of all study. They have visions of text-books laid away, and note-books piled up in dusty atties. Others, however, have a feeling of regret that their period of study is ended, but it does not occur to them that there are other chances. There are, fortunately, a few who are always ambitious to continue their education. One girl wishes to go to college, but cannot do so just yet because big brother is there now, and the maintenance of two collegians at a time would be a strain on the family purse.

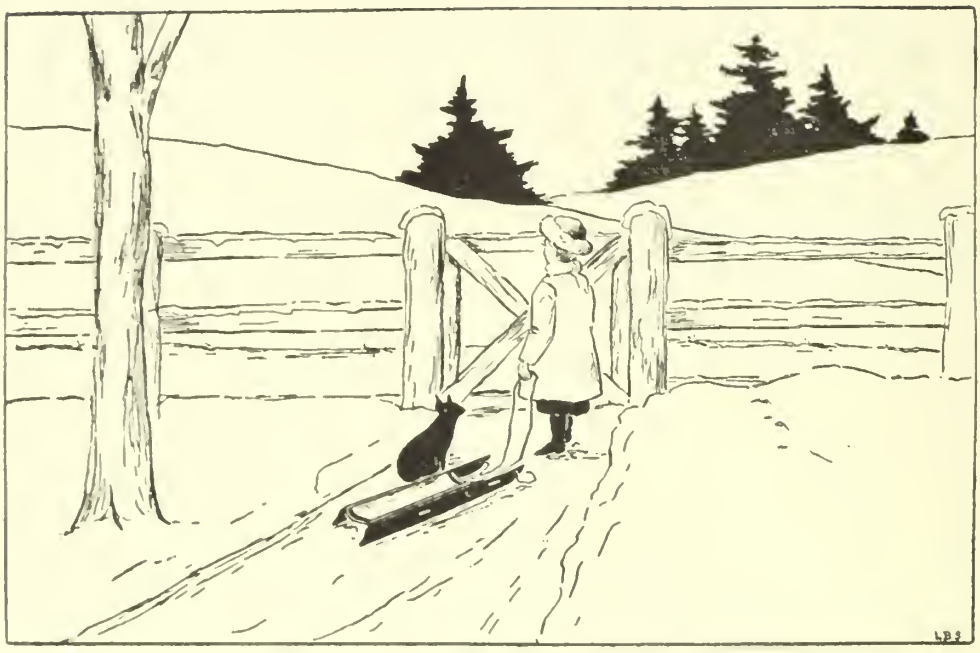
There is also a class of girls who discover, while they are in the normal school, that they have special gifts in one direction. For those who show artistic ability, there is the possibility of a course at the Boston Normal Art School or a third year special course under Mr. Whitney. Two girls in the present senior class have decided to return another year and take this course. Another member of the class shows remarkable ability in the gymnasium and Miss Rogers has advised her to go to the Gymnastic Training School at Wellesley. Some girls develop a taste for the commercial subjects while taking the elementary course. They want to teach in the high school, and find that a teacher with training in the commercial subjects and some other study, such as English, is much in demand. A commercial course has for some years been established at the Salem Normal School which offers cultural subjects as well as the "business" branches. One of the gradnates of both the elementary and commercial courses was recently offered a good position in the vicinity of New York because she had had the training afforded by both courses.

There are evening courses and scholarships for those who cannot pay their way. The Franklin Union Institute on Boylston street is an excellent place for those who wish to specialize in scientific subjects. The famous courses at the Harvard Summer School, where teachers can study during vacation, offer an opportunity for those who wish to teach in the high school.

There are always chances for the ambitious, and if graduates of the normal school would not be left behind in the race, they must not settle down in the belief that their education is now finished, but must keep their love for study and desire for further improvement.

There is a common expression "set as a schoolma'am." Why the reputation for "ruttiness" should attach itself to the teaching profession rather than to any other, I do not know. For that matter, who is more "set" than the housekeeper with her hundred and one little whims about cooking and cleaning, which she offers as advice to everyone who comes within her reach? Perhaps the school-teacher's reputation for primness is due to the routine of her work and the fact that she is more removed from the bustle of life than the business woman, for example. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that teachers are liable to fall "behind the times," and this is something that we new schoolma'ams must guard against. We know that teaching is not easy work. A teacher is apparently expected to be proficient in eight or ten subjects, whereas a business woman is required to be proficient only in her own particular line, for instance, typewriting. It is this strain on the teacher that so often deadens her enthusiasm and drives her to do her work in the old routine way, instead of reaching out for newer and fresher possibilities. It is what causes half the teachers to become humdrum and "out of date," as the popular idea represents them.

The important thing is to keep the inspiration and the ideals that our school gives to us. Some of the graduates come back to visit the normal school with enthusiasm in their eye and bearing, while others are depressed and disheartened during the first year. If we keep young in spirit, we shall always have the gift of sympathy, the first requisite of a teacher. If we keep up with the times socially, in thought, and in interests, there will be no danger of sticking in the ruts. The croaking of those who have grown old, but not mellow, in the service must not dishearten us. There is infinite compensation in our work (not pecuniary, of course). We have the advantage of dealing with live human beings instead of inanimate typewriters or ledgers. Hence it is that the amount of pleasure and good that we get out of our work depends on our attitude toward life.



Proctor's Rebellion.

Proctor leaned his chubby little chin against the gate and gazed longingly up the white stretch of road. Away up on the crest of the hill, three fascinating red tams bobbed merrily like scarlet poppies in the snow. Happy laughter and the echo of long-drawn haloos reached the strained ears of the lonely little chap leaning against the gate. He longed to know about the friendly echo and to have its cheerful voice call back to him from the hills. Nerving himself up to the unusual effort, he raised his voice in a scared, trembling little halloo, but the echo only mocked him and his chin drooped pathetically at the pitiful little failure.

Meanwhile the three red tams appeared again on the top of the hill, adjusted themselves on a big double-runner, and with many hilarious giggles, shot out of sight down the other side. A big, icy tear trickled down Proctor's cheek. He kicked dejectedly at the mean little red sled beside him. What fun could one lonely boy have sliding down a tiny bit of hill that cruel fate had stuck right in the back yard. Moreover, the red sled was frail and had to be handled with care. His aunt had got it with soap wrappers and the soap company had not taken into account the weight of Proctor's stout little body, and therefore the sled creaked and threatened to split whenever he tried to go "belly-bumps" in imitation of the red tams on the hill. Proctor's only comfort

was Sneezer, the ragged little terrier, who seemed to divine the trouble in his master's heart and came rubbing his tousled head against the boy's knee.

"Proctor," called a shrill voice from the back door, "it's time you came in. Hurry up and be sure you put your sled down cellar and not leave it out in the yard like you did yesterday." The face of the woman corresponded with the voice. Her drab-colored hair was drawn back tightly from a forehead seamed with lines of over-work and worry. A tired, querulous droop pulled down the corners of the mouth. The bundle of sewing which the woman held in her hand suggested that Proctor's aunt had little time to spend in sympathizing with her lonely little nephew.

Proctor obeyed the command mechanically, carefully hanging up his coat and cap as a result of the persevering efforts of his aunt in that direction. He curled up in a big armchair beside the window and flattened his stubby nose against the pane in an effort to get another glimpse of the red tams on the hill.

"You're looking awful puny lately," remarked his aunt, snapping a thread between her teeth. "I must set that worm medicine to steeping right away." She put down her sewing for a moment and placed the hateful yellow bowl with its nauseating herbs on the back of the stove.

"Nothing like it to chirk up a young one that's got worms," she added.

That night Proctor had a wonderful dream. He was up on the hill coasting on the double-runner with the red tams. He shouted aloud in his sleep at the joy of it. His aunt, darning beside the sitting room table, started up at the strange sound. Much disturbed, she rushed, panting, up stairs, woke the boy, and forced a big dose of the sickening concoction down his throat. He could have cried out in vexation and disappointment. Even his dreams were denied him.

A wave of resentment against his aunt and the universe swelled up within him. He kicked the bedclothes about, and slipping out of bed, threw his carefully folded clothing on the floor in beautiful abandon. She would see if he was going to be bossed all the time. He would sneak out of the yard tomorrow and run away,—at least he would run to the hill with the red tams. His elation of independence, coupled with the effects of the worm medicine, so stirred him up that he lay awake till morning.

Next day Proctor's brown eyes sparkled with animation altogether new, and the reputation of the worm medicine grew accordingly. He swallowed his breakfast in excited gulps, and lost no time getting out of doors. He did not stop to slide down the tiny hill, but boldly opened the gate and ran puffing all the way up the hill, where he was warmly greeted by the red tams.

"Did your auntie leth you come?" lisped the fat little red tam girl.

"No, I runned out myself." Proctor had a singular feeling of aloofness

from the world because of his rebellion against the law, and yet he had the exhilaration and freedom that comes only to revolutionary spirits. A place was made for him on the end of the double-runner. He was instructed to put his arms around the one in front of him and to "hold on for dear life." How they shouted and whooped as they flew down the glassy hill! The keen air stung their cheeks to the color of the red tams. Again and again they went down, and Proctor felt like a new being. All the loneliness was swept away like magic, and then, bubbling over with happiness, he forgot to "hold on for dear life." When the coasters lurched over a jounce, Proctor was thrown off and lay in a huddled, still little heap on the ice.

It was many months before the little chap remembered anything again. When he opened his eyes and saw his aunt bending over him, her tired face lighted up with relief and thanksgiving, his tender little heart was smitten with remorse. He raised a thin, white hand to her in feeble appeal. I didn't have no one to play with only Sneezer," he whispered, "I'm sorry 'cause I ran out and got hurted."

His aunt's face was grim with self-censure. "When the grown folks won't give the young ones any leeway, then they got to strike out for themselves. Now just lay still, and soon you will be able to go and play with them little Nelsons again."

Proctor's cup of contentment was filled when later the three red tams came to see him. They perched themselves placidly on the sofa, swinging their chubby legs like so many pendulums. They had bought four round peppermint sticks, the fourth being for Proctor, who, having no mind for it, gave it to the red tam girl. All four sat looking at each other, sucking their candy sticks in blissful silence.

A. R. D.

Nonsense Rhymes.

If you have lost your pocket-book
And don't know where to find it,
The next best thing for you to do
Is to try and never mind it.

I wish I were a "pidgeon"
I'd sit on the roof and coo.
And I'd like it all the better
If you were a "pidgeon," too.

M. Crosby.

Faculty Meeting.

Scene: The Literature Room on Wednesday.

At ten minutes past three, the study bell rings in the main hall and silence, as usual, reigns supreme. Across the corridor the second faculty meeting is called to order by the principal. All the teachers are present with the exception of three—Miss Rogers, who has reluctantly accepted the offer to deliver a talk on "The Robbins Method of Teaching Reading" at a convention in Peabody; Miss Warren, who is detained in the fourth grade to satisfy the curiosity of the children concerning a bat, captured by one of "her boys"; and Miss Wellman, who has remained in the office, hunting for the scores of missing excuses from girls who "missed the train" or "stayed home to help mother."

Before the topic for discussion has been brought before the meeting, footsteps are heard in the corridor and Miss Warren enters, having freed herself from the clutches of her numerous children. With the sounds of the seniors' special talks on ventilation and respiration still ringing in her ears, she cannot forbear remarking, "Excuse me, Mr. Pitman, but the air is very close in here. There is a preponderance of C O 2 in the room. 'Hygienic conditions,' you know. A word to the wise is sufficient!" she exclaims. She energetically moves forward to open the windows, but Mr. Whitman and Mr. Whitney spare her the trouble.

Refreshed by Miss Warren's supply of air, Mr. Pitman rises to the occasion with the question, "What are your opinions regarding the conditions in the main hall during study hours?"

"After some consideration of the affair," answers Miss Martin, thoughtfully, " it seems to me that too much freedom is allowed the girls. As I passed through the hall this morning, I noted rather too loud talking among the juniors to assure me that they were using the study period to the best advantage."

"Don't be too hard on the juniors," pleads Miss Goldsmith, sympathetically, "for if I remember rightly, I associate Senior Three with a disturbance there, as I entered yesterday. It might be well for them to review their rules for concentration and not lend themselves to the power of suggestion by others."

"I agree with you entirely, Miss Goldsmith," adds Mr. Pitman, "that will be a good topic for discussion in tomorrow's pedagogy lesson."

"They waste so much of their study time in talking that they get erroneous ideas of things. It is no wonder they come into class and tell me that frost is frozen dew and that warm air *rises,"* says Mr. Vinal with one of his silent laughs.

"I think," argues Miss Peet rather deliberately, "that the girls should

have the privilege of discussing the topic of the pageant, even in study hours, provided they do it quietly, and in one corner of the room. This is only my suggestion—I may be wrong. If we are too hard on them, we may check their creative impulse, you know."

"Yes, let us take a broader, more tolerant view of it," says Miss Deane with one of her dramatic waves of the hand. Suddenly she gives a little chuckle. "Mr. Whitney has something to say on the subject."

"The head of the art department has the floor," says Mr. Pitman.

"I think the question of the new styles in hair-dressing introduced by the juniors is far more important than this main hall business. Here, let me sketch you some of them. The artist, with a few lightning strokes, draws on the board something resembling a bird's nest.

"Now, isn't that dandy?" he exclaims. "It looks exactly like the one I saw as I came here this afternoon." Then he adds mischievously, "I move that Mr. Whitman be appointed a committee of one in advising the girls as to the best way to arrange their rats, puffs, and other head gear."

"I decline the nomination," blushingly replies Mr. Whitman, "but I can perhaps suggest some chemical compound which would harmonize the color of the false with the natural. However—"

"Well, I have nearly a hundred themes to correct," interrupts Miss Learoyd, "and I shall never get them done if we do not return to the central thought of this meeting very soon. It's quarter to five now. I suggest that each member of the faculty take his turn at the desk hereafter."

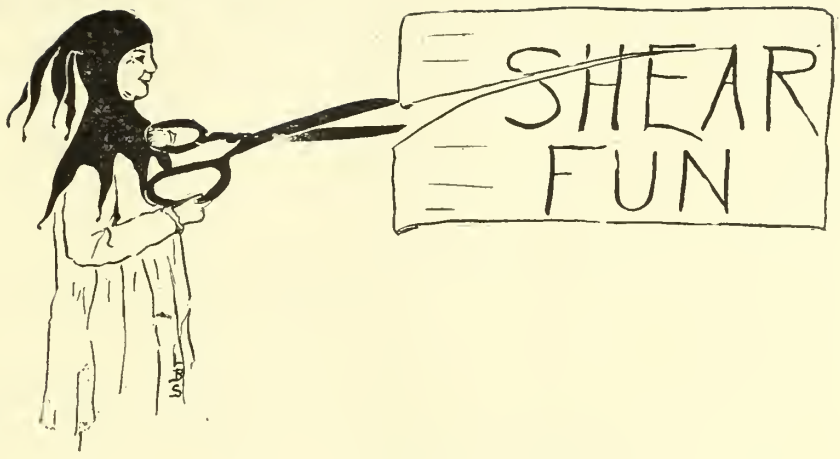
"And I move that the motion be accepted," rejoins Miss Martin.

"All in favor will manifest their decision by raising the right hand," says Mr. Pitman. "It is a vote."

At the sound of the five o'clock signal, Mr. Pitman rises and rather hurriedly remarks, "If there is no further business to come before this meeting, we will adjourn."

A few minutes later when Charles comes to put out the lights, there is no sign of a faculty meeting, except the caricature of the junior's head-dress, left on the board—for the students to wonder at in the morning. C. M. S.

Hear the music of the bells, period bells!
What a world of deep relief their melody compels.
How we tremble, pale with fright,
For the words, "Miss Blank, recite,"
But the music of the bells
All our shivering dispels.
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
Oh, the music of the welcome period bells!



What did the faculty reply when the Seniors thanked them for all the knowledge they (the Seniors) had? "Oh! don't mention the trifle."

What is Senior I's model? Senior IV. Who set up Senior I's model? The faculty.

A favorite toast: Here's to our parents and teachers. May they never *meet.*

Miss Curley, naïvely: You might feel like jumping over a chair, but that doesn't mean you're glad to be alive. I'm not.

In connection with an arithmetic problem in which there was the statement, "Twenty-five trees died," Miss Peet said: If you can improve the wording, do so.

Miss Griffin: Twenty-five trees passed away.

After an excited debate in geography: Student No. 1: What would bring the International Date line through Salem?

Student No. 2: The establishment of a normal school for young men in Salem.

Miss Peet: What is it every woman knows?

Miss Dickinson: Er-how to manage a man.

Miss Peet: How do you?

Mr. Vinal: If the rivers are continually bringing in water, why doesn't the ocean overflow? Where does the water go?

Miss Magraw, after serious thought: The fishes swallow it.

Teacher: Give a word in which *ou* says *o*, for instance, an upper part of the body.

Miss Smith: Dough.

Practice School pupil, after a solo by Miss Roche: Is Miss Roche a chorus girl?

Mr. Doner, in penmanship: You may not like this *C*, but make it anyway.

From the rear: I'm making it anyway.

Sybil, in "gym": How do you barn dance?

May F: Kick with both feet.

Sadie, looking at the clock after lunch: Twenty-five minutes! Twelve for geography and thirteen for history!

In hygiene class: For a person leading a *sedimentary* life, frequent bathing is advisable.

Miss Doyle, reading: The helpless little fawn ran about looking for its dam— I suppose that's a misprint for *dame*.

Miss McSwiney: I can't find any flowers. I can't see any birds; I live in Chelsea.

Our suffragette—Bertha Danner.

Mr. Whitney, in drawing: Where is the door-knob of this door?

Miss Johnson: On the other side of the door. You can't see it from here.

AUTOGRAPHS.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low.
An excellent thing in woman."—Lear.

Maude Nelson.

"Are you Frances or May?"
Quoth the teacher each day
To the twins as alike as two peas.
"If you're Frances recite;"
Then would twin May arise,
And win for her sister some B's.

Abbie W. plays volley-ball
In one long convolution:
To throw the ball tie yourself in a knot—
That's Abbie's own solution.

Mary, with the blue-black hair
And the melancholy air,—
You might think her very sad,
But her tragic air's a fad
She adopts when she is bad.

"The girl with the brilliant smile,"—Grace Grant.

She's narrow—or slender let's call it—and tall;
Her hair is bright "yaller"; she talks with a drawl.
She's in Senior IV, and her learning's immense,
Her hand-writing looks like a sharp picket fence.

What would happen—

If Abbie Reynolds should fail in a lesson?
If Helen Parsons should throw her ear out of joint?
If Ethel Hunter should recite briefly?
If Alice Reeve were a blonde?

Where the dignified Latin class got frivolous—translation of popular ballad "Everybody works," etc.

"Omnes laborant sed Pater.
Toto die jacet:
Pedes ante ignem
Tubam terrae fumat.
Mater lavendas prendit,
Soror Anne atque.
In nostro laborant omnes,
Sed senex meus."

Kathleen Brophy: The brain is made up of convulsions.

Alice Millea: Does Texas raise much grain?

Dora Pedersen, acting as teacher: Miss Millea, you may look that question up and report on it tomorrow.

Dora understands teaching.

Miss Townsend: If you tried several times to write a good outline and failed, what would you say was the matter?

Mr. Sullivan: The matter is with the chalk.

On seeing a student standing on a chair to reach the board: An example of balanced structure.

Subscribers to this book will please send in their orders in the following form, adopted after many trials in the English and penmanship classes:

Name, date, and division in upper right-hand corner.

Margin of four inches at the right and left.

Paragraph indention regular.

Skip a line between the sections.

Do not waste space.

Call me early, Mother darling, call me early, Mother dear,
For tomorrow is the hardest day of all the whole school year,
With six lessons hard I've labored while the midnight oil burned low
And tomorrow I must wake at five and pleasant dreams forego.

M. C. M.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM.

JUNIORS.

Kitty, who has just got "squelched" in English: My, I wish I could faint now the way Florence Ramsey does!

(The Juniors have been studying the subject of solutions in chemistry and their minds are full of it). Mr. Whitman: How would you test beans for starch?

Pupil, dreamily: Make a solution of beans.

Tige: Oh! English, English! What have we not suffered in thy name?

Miss Goldsmith: What is the highest form of animal life?
Student: The giraffe.

Nora Collins: What is a related form of the sea-cucumber?
Flippant Senior: A salt-water pickle.

Miss Fitch, to soda clerk in "Harris's": Have you any hand sapolio?
Clerk: Yes.
Miss Fitch, absent-mindedly: Give me a glass, please.

A new theory has been advanced in zoölogy by Miss Perkins—An insect is a bird! and she proves it.

The mid-year students also boast of a marvellous chemist. Miss Herlihy's latest attempt was a solution of *beets*.

Miss Goldsmith: Give me an example of taking a risk.
Miss Cahoon: Coming into class without your lesson prepared.

Mr. Archibald, after Miss Keene has sung an exercise while beating time vigorously with her pencil: Sing it again and omit the bass drum.

Miss Giddings is so strict a vegetarian that she won't eat animal crackers.

Heard in botany: Heat keeps the germs inactive, but when cooled down they are as bright and cheery as ever.

Miss K: Turn up your coat collar if you're cold.
Ruth: Will that keep my feet warm?

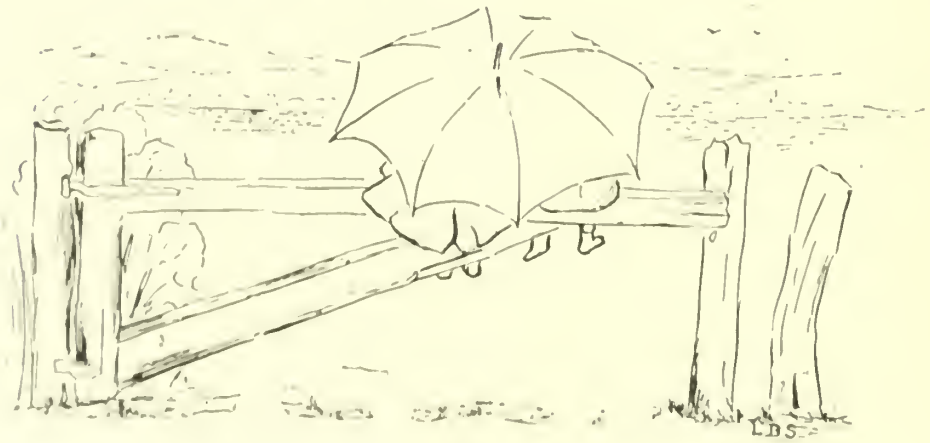
Mr. Vinal: Now, Miss Chase, you may criticise the recitation.
Miss Chase, drawling: Oh! it's very good; it's just like mine.

Miss Martin: Miss Ellis, when the man has spent all the money which he needed for his living, what does he do next?
Miss Ellis, energetically: I should think he'd better go to work and earn some more.

Miss Titcomb, who has waded through a muddled recitation: Oh! dear, I can't think! I've just come up from the practice school.

How the Juniors run their class meetings: one hundred nine votes; ninety-nine present.

Give a sentence expressing a wish which is not fulfilled in the future.
I wish I could get an *A* in English.



Mark Twain.

It is surprising to note to how many people the name Mark Twain stands simply as that of a man who wrote nonsense, and who did rather unusual things. It is not only surprising, but really lamentable, when we consider how much real enjoyment they miss by not knowing him better.

It is true, he had a love for strong effect, and especially for strong personal effect, which led him to do rather striking things. This expressed itself in his dressing, which was at times eccentric, to say the least. For instance, he possessed a seal-skin coat which he almost invariably wore fur-side out. During the last part of his life he wore a complete suit of white serge at all times of the year, seeming to delight in the publicity which it gave him. He was never so happy as when clothed in his Oxford gown, which he wore on all possible occasions. It amused him greatly to see how he shocked supersensitive souls by these pranks, which were his way of expressing the boy element in his nature.

For a literary man, Mark Twain was singularly lacking in those branches of culture which are usually considered necessary to the make-up of an author. He had no acquaintance with the classic Greek and Latin, and knew just enough German and Italian to make himself amusing. His schooling was brief and desultory, and deserves very little credit for his later fame. His style is entirely his own. He writes just as he must have thought, with very little regard for what went before or what is to follow. He quite frequently breaks off in the midst of a chapter, of a paragraph, even, and discusses a topic almost entirely foreign to the subject in hand, and after having discussed it to his heart's content, comes back to the original theme, and proceeds as calmly as if he had never left it. An illustration of this is shown in that chapter of the "Connecticut Yankee" in which the king and the Yankee are travelling incognito, and the Yankee is attempting, with very little success, to drill the king in his part. After telling us that the Yankee's instructions are simply so many words, as far as the king is concerned, Mark Twain begins a discourse on the utter futility of words in general, passes from that to a consideration of the law of work, and then comes back to the king and his minister.

A great deal of his charm lies in his treatment of characters, and especially of his boy characters. They are so essentially boyish and natural that they are delightful in themselves, and exceedingly valuable to us in interpreting their author's own nature. It is impossible to read "Tom Sawyer" without seeing in him a portrayal of Mark Twain himself, and in his happy-go-lucky philosophy that dauntless spirit which served to carry Mark Twain through the many misfortunes of his later years.

His women characters, however, with the exception of Joan of Arc, are not so successful. They possess no characteristics which make them stand out clearly as individuals, but are all built on the same plan. When we attempt to recall one of the women in "Huckleberry Finn" or "Tom Sawyer," we cannot be quite sure whether it is Tom's mother, Aunt Polly, or the widow of whom we are thinking, for they all represent the same type.

We can never lose sight of the fact that he is a Westerner, for his works are continually reminding us of the fact. Not only in his humor is this shown, but in the serious undertone which is fundamental in all his writings. For some reason or other, this is characteristic of the West, and Mark Twain is its exponent, and withal, a very able exponent.

In "Life on the Mississippi," we have the story of how he met Horace Bixby and decided to become a pilot, and how he set himself the gigantic task of learning the 1200 miles of the Mississippi River from New Orleans to St. Louis so well as to make no mistake, even in the dark. To the surprise of his friends, he succeeded, and succeeded so well that he never cost his employers a dollar for damages in his whole career. This well illustrates the dogged perseverance of the man.

Mark Twain's "gospel of equality," is best shown in his "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Here he is at his best. The scheme of transplanting a nineteenth century Connecticut man to the Court of King Arthur, an institution of the sixth century, is so unusual as to attract attention, but it does more than attract, it holds the attention. To follow the East Hartford man through his many trials and daring attempts for instance, when he sets about defeating Merlin's plans with gunpowder, and to live for a time in the atmosphere of his quaint, idiomatic pungent humor, is to be as well entertained as if one were before the footlights of any theatre. The following quotation taken from the beginning of the story, well illustrates the point:

"I made up my mind to two things; if it was still the nineteenth century and I was among lunatics and couldn't get away, I would presently boss that asylum or know the reason why; and if, on the other hand, it was really the sixth century, all right, I didn't want any softer thing. I would boss the whole country inside of three months; for I judged I would have the start of the best educated man in the kingdom by a matter of thirteen hundred years and upwards."

Mark Twain's humor is the thing by which he is most universally known. But it is not mere humor, for there is always an inner meaning to it which, if it does not appear at the first reading, becomes evident after a little consideration. His aphorisms are particularly good illustrations of this. They are so quaint in form that they invite laughter, but one soon sees that they are striking in their meaning; for instance, "When in doubt, tell the truth." Instead

of making matters appear more grotesque and improbable than they would naturally, his humor makes them more real. The odd occurrences which we come upon in "Tom Sawyer" seem perfectly natural and probable, because of this characteristic power.

He is not merely a humorist, however, but much more. He is a teacher, a humanist and a philosopher. He seems almost deserving of the name psychologist, so amazing is his knowledge of the workings of the human mind. We may believe that he drew his inferences from his keen understanding of his own nature, and then showed great ability in adapting them to the characters which he created.

It seems as if his place in literature must be a lasting one. He was so essentially human, so clever in his understanding and appreciation of the real purposes and intents of men's minds that he strikes the very key-note of their lives and holds their attention in spite of them. He is the only writer of modern times whose work appeals equally to children and grown people, and this fact alone would guarantee him a place in the list of distinguished literary men.

H. G. P.

Echoes from the Practice School.

Teacher, in reading lesson: Haven't you any idea what a shrine is?
Pupil, after deep thought: I think it's the outside of a melon.

Teacher, who has been telling the story of Oceanus, the baby born on the Mayflower: What is the name of the baby I told you about Jennie?
Jennie: Annie Ocean.

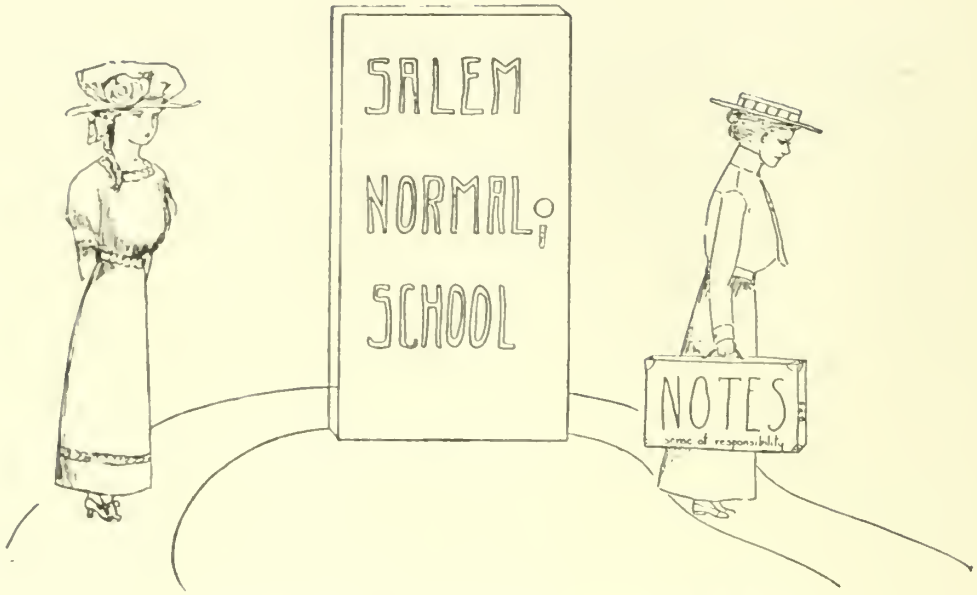
Third grade boy: Our dog is lots bigger than our cat, but I guess the cat's older 'cause he's got whiskers.

Johnny, aged seven: I saw some guinea hens today.
Willie, scornfully: Huh, there's a whole yard full near us.
Johnny: Go on! They ain't no guinea hens on our street.
Willie: Yes, they are. The Ginney next door to me owns a whole lot.

Thomas in the kindergarten had laboriously carried out three chairs and placed them in the front of the room.

"What are you putting those chairs there for, Thomas?" asked Miss Noyes.

"Oh, this is three *chairs* for the red, white, and blue," replied Thomas.



Calendar of the Class of 1911.

(From the memoirs of Miss Florence Swanson of Pigeon Cove, Secretary of the class.)

Class motto:—"Id nunc facite."

September, 1909. Weather uncertain; inclined to be cloudy and rainy.

Events of the month:—Class of 1911 first finds itself; members get lost in the corridors while trying to find the lunch-room; are overwhelmed at the amount of statuary in the main hall, both senior and classic; make resolution to discard hair-ribbons and other high school frivolities.

October. Weather more settled.

Members beginning to get acclimated. Learn to regard worms and caterpillars kindly; are introduced to the amoeba in zoölogy.

November. Saw wood in manual training; learn the difference between a plane and a chisel. Mr. Adams resigns his position in the science department after twenty-four years' service.

December. Famous lecture on the earth-worm; students spend leisure time digging that animal out of their front lawns for dissection purposes. Study of the brain in psychology; learn to observe the workings of their own minds; learn about the Eustachian Tubes, Pons Varolii and other wonders.

January. Learn to jump the "horse" in gym. Become interested in the cricket; works of art inspired by that insect.

February. Mr. Whitman comes to the physics department; class unanimously pronounce him a "peach." Students learn in physiography that mountains are "wrinkles in the earth's crust."

March. Exciting times in zoölogy; dissection (not vivisection) of a do-

mestic animal given to purring and shedding its fur. Planting of squash and bean seeds for botany class.

April. Dramatize "Sing, little Bluebird in the tree." Visit the petroleum works in Beverly with Mr. Whitman in the midst of a rain storm; only case in the history of the class where oil and water mixed.

May. Field-trip to Devereux and Marblehead neck; girls study rocks and pick violets. Class become interested in bacteria through the botany study; for a while the class live in an atmosphere of imaginary microbes, looking through every glass of water they drink to see if any germs are present.

June. Graduation day; class of 1911 makes daisy chain for the seniors and now feels itself master of the field.

September, 1910. Weather serene and sunny.

Events of the month:—Class of 1911 return to school; look pityingly at the hordes of be-ribboned, bewildered juniors wandering aimlessly in the corridors.

October. Introduction to the practice school. Mr. Cushing's departure for India; coming of Mr. Vinal. Famous goblin party of the commercials.

November. Alpheus Crosby memorial. Seniors learn to follow the elusive track of the central thought on juniors' papers; become hardened in bestowing "D's" on said papers.

December. Marks given out in main hall for the first time. Christmas tree party to the faculty.

January. Improvement of the lunch-room; color scheme, neutral green and natural wood brown; dark green mission furniture with round tables and square chairs; embroidered doilies and artistic vases; whole conducive to good appetite and cheerful spirits.

February. Seniors learn the seven pedagogical principles. Friday established as basket-ball day; girls spend recesses in practising cheers. Mr. Whitney invites class to have their feet measured for moccasins.

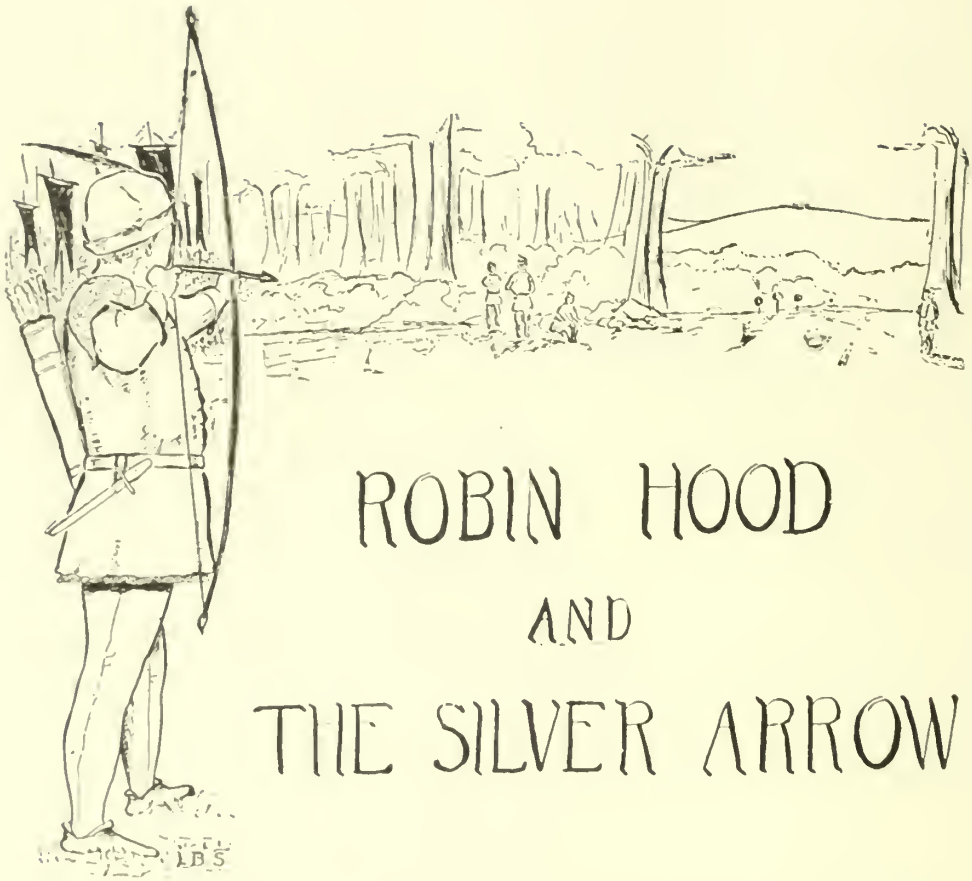
March. Seniors study drainage and irrigation in geography; Mr. Vinal's original method of irrigating; "Plant potatoes and onions near together, and the onions will cause the potato eyes to water, and thus secure irrigation."

April. Are introduced to the skeleton in the physiology room. "Do" Salem as a preparation for work in local history; with the assistance of yellow guide-books, visit the Witch House, the House of the Seven Gables, and other places of interest.

May. Prepare for pageant for graduation. Bring down old clothes and dig in the school garden.

June. Graduation and its attendant ceremonies. Smiles and tears and farewells.

Magni orbes rerum ordinem perturbant—Livy. M. C. M.



ROBIN HOOD AND THE SILVER ARROW

A room in the sheriff's castle. A small table laden with money bags, the sheriff counting the money. Arrow-maker working quietly at window.

Sheriff (walking back and forth across room with hands on hips): 60£ have I spent to see the king and get his help against this thieving knave, Robin Hood, and of no use! The king only laughed me to scorn. (Stops and counts money in bags) 70-80-90-100£ left. Oh, that good money wasted! (Puts bags away and resumes his walking with determination). I will have that Robin Hood if it costs me all I have. He and his men are getting overbold, robbing decent people, and giving it to worthless beggars. Could I but persuade him nigh to Nottingham Town so that I could find him, I warrant I would lay hands upon him so stoutly that he would never get away again. (Claps hands to head suddenly). I have it! (Turning to arrow-maker): Good fellow, thou hast served me well heretofore. I want thee to fashion me now as fair an arrow as ever came from thy hands. Set to at once.

Arrow-maker (bowing): Your honor is welcome to my very best service. (Sheriff rings for messenger, who enters.)

Sheriff: Send my couriers out to announce the greatest shooting match in the country. Say that a handsome prize is offered, a silver arrow with gold tip, which our best arrow-maker is shaping here. Now go and send in the Captain. (Messenger bows and leaves. Shortly after, the Captain enters; the face of the maid servant is seen peeping in as he opens the door.) Captain, I have been long trying, as thou knowest, to seize that poaching knave, Robin Hood. I have planned a great archery contest which will, I trow, lure him to Nottingham Town and into my power! Muster my soldiers together and station *two* for every *one* of Robin's men on the shooting grounds.

Captain: Your orders will be fulfilled, Lord Sheriff. (Bows and leaves.)

Sheriff rubs hands complacently and sits down beside arrow-maker.

Scene II.

In the Greenwood. Robin's men are having a merry time singing and frolicking under the tree.

Little John (throwing up his cap): Hooray! Hooray! Here cometh our master and at a good pace, too. Welcome back, Sir Robin! What news dost thou bring from Lincoln Town? Things are to thy liking, I wager, by the twinkling of thy eye.

Robin: Right glad am I to get back, men. Listen, for I have news for thee. Our honored friend, the sheriff of Nottingham, hath proclaimed a great shooting-match through all the country round. The prize is a silver arrow and that silver arrow must be won by Robin's archers of Sherwood. Let us make ready our bows and arrows and hie to Lincoln Town. (All shout and form a circle dancing around the chief. David of Doncaster runs into their midst breathless.)

David: Master, I have just returned from Nottingham. My sister, the maid-servant at the sheriff's, whispered me that the contest is a trap to catch you. The fat old fox will have his soldiers all about to watch for our merry archers. Be ruled by me and stay in Sherwood forest.

Robin (laying hand on David's shoulder): Now, thou art a wise lad and keepest thine ears open and thy mouth shut, like a crafty woodsman. But shall it be said that the fat sheriff cowed my archers, the bravest in all merry England? No, David, I shall shoot for the silver arrow and win it.

Little John: Let's meet stealth with stealth. Let's off with our Lincoln Green and feathered cap, and journey to Nottingham in different guise.

Robin: John speaketh sense as ever he doth.

Little John: I'll go as a friar dressed in brown and I'll comfort troubled souls.

Another: I'll go in yellow as a cobbler and mend worn souls.

Robin: I'll be a beggar in red rags and a patched eye.

"And a-begging I will go
And a-begging I will go
With hat and cloak
And staff of oak
A-begging I will go."

David: I'll go with thee master as another beggar, but clad in blue.

Robin: Ay, that thou shalt, David. We must divide the band into two's and three's and travel separately. I foresee a merry lark at the sheriff's expense. (Men join hands dancing in a circle.)

SONG.

Men call me bold Robin Hood,
The forest deep is my home;
With my merry men I dwell in the glen
And our roof is the broad sky dome.

With arrow and lance we range
The highways and forests free;
Rich travelers harry; then ne'er stop to tarry,
But hie to the Greenwood tree
To dance 'neath the Greenwood tree.

ACT II.

The contest. Open field with targets at one end and raised seats for sheriff and wife at other end, where archers stand. Great crowd assembled.

Sheriff (on the dais, looking round anxiously): Surely Robin Hood will come, but I can't see any Lincoln Green suits.

Master of Lists: Everything is ready, your worship, and the crowd is getting impatient.

Sheriff: How many men are here to try for the prize?

M. of Lists: About a hundred.

Sheriff: Are Robin and his men here? I do not see any Lincoln Green.

M. of Lists: No, not a man of his. (Aside) Just like the stupid fellow to expect Robin here in his Lincoln Green. I wager I could spy him if I looked sharp.

Sheriff (looking around mournfully): Well, I suppose we must begin. Perhaps he will come later.

[There is a lull of voices as archers prepare their arms. They shoot in turn, and whenever the bulls-eye is hit, there is great cheering. Increased cheering when beggar in red shoots.]

1. Bystander: Blue-jacket's the man!

2. Bystander: Bravo! Yellow!

3. Bystander: Brown-bonnet has it!

4. Bystander: No, my friends, you're all wrong. The beggar in red can't be beat.

Great shouting: "Red Man! Red Man! The beggar in red! The prize for the blind beggar."

Master of Lists (blowing a trumphet): The prize is awarded to the beggar in red. Will he come to the sheriff's seat and receive his reward?

[Robin steps up to dais.]

Sheriff's wife: Thou hast shown thyself a brave man and a great archer. Take this silver arrow as a reward for thy skill. My lord, the Sheriff is mightily repaid for his trouble in bestowing the prize on so valuable an archer.

Robin (bowing): The arrow, lady, will always remind me of the fairness of her who gave it. As for his Grace the Sheriff, he is repaid in a way he knoweth not.

[Robin retires amid cheering.]

ACT III.

Scene I.

The archers seated on grass under the Greenwood tree, having a feast.

Little John: What a rare joke we played on the old sheriff!

Dick: Ay, it was worth a trouncing to see his sour face when the lady gave our master the prize.

Robin: I trow it is time to cast off these rags now (Removes patch from eye and pulls off red cloak). But the walnut stain will not come out of my yellow hair so easily.

[All cheer to see Robin in Lincoln Green again.]

Man dressed as tinker: Dick and I had a queer adventure. We came upon two foresters at the contest, talking about the prize winner. One said, "I'll wager Robin Hood will come yet and carry off the arrow." Said the other, "Ay, Robin will not miss such a chance." I turned and said, "Friends, that man in the red rags will beat any archer in the country. The prize will be his." They only laughed at me and went on. So when Robin did fetch the prize, one of them came crestfallen to me. "Thy man did win," said he, "thou hast won the wager." "Good sir," said I, "if thou knewest it, we have both won our wager." (Cheering.)

Friar: It is mirthful to think how the old sheriff would tear his hair if he knew that his precious silver arrow had gone to his enemy.

Little John: What say ye to informing him of it? I have a rare scheme.

Robin: Ho! Silence! Our faithful John has a plan.

Little John: Let us write a letter to the sheriff, master, telling him

that the merry archers of Sherwood were at the contest and his friend Robin carried off the prize.

Cheers of "Bravo, Little John!"

Robin: The plan is a wise one and promises further mirth. (Sits and writes, reading as he writes.)

Now, Heaven bless your Grace this day,
Say all in sweet Sherwood,
For you did give the prize away
To merry Robin Hood."

How is that, my men?

[All shout and clap hands, singing song in Act I.]

SCENE II.

Dining room of sheriff's house. Sheriff and his wife are having dinner.

Sheriff: I have often told thee that Robin Hood was a coward. He dared not show his face at the contest. After all the trouble I took to bait him here and the good money I spent for the silver arrow, the prize went to a worthless beggar in red!

Sheriff's wife: But was it not well worth the trouble to see such noble archery? And then, it gave the people a holiday.

[Just then something falls rattling among the dishes. Everyone is startled and looks in the direction of the noise. After a while the butler picks up the object and hands it to the sheriff.]

Sheriff: What is this? An arrow. And a note tied to it addressed to his Grace the sheriff. [Opens note and reads aloud]

Now, Heaven bless your Grace this day,
Say all in sweet Sherwood,
For you did give the prize away
To merry Robin Hood.

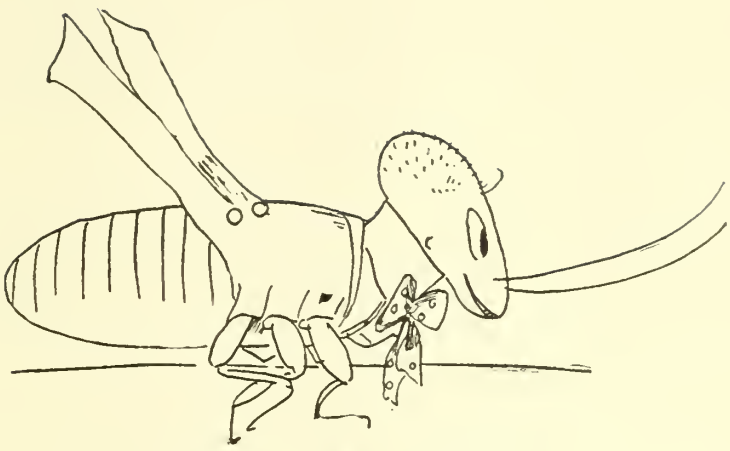
(Angrily): Whence came this?

Butler: Through the window, your worship.

Sheriff (dodging behind table with frightened look on face): Run to thy room, my lady. The knaves must be near at hand and may shoot again.

Butler (looking out of window): There is no sign of anyone about.

Sheriff (emerging): Where are my soldiers? (Stamping foot) I shall discharge every one of them. Tell them to come at once and scour the country for this audacious rogue. Thunder and hounds! Was ever sheriff plagued as I? (Sits down and rests chin in hands.) M. L. H.



A SENIOR'S IDEA OF THE CRICKET.

A Senior.

(From a Junior's point of view.)

Classification: Province VIII "Crustoptera." *Class*: 1911. *Habitat*: English, nature study and geography rooms.

Distinguishing Characteristics: A bipedic, multicellular organism carrying about with it a superior air; a Macaulay vocabulary; a look of "I-have-a mission-to-perform"; pugged hair; and a student's bag full of—lunch-box.

Distinguished from its closely allied form, the junior (for which, because of its behavior, it is sometimes mistaken) by the fact that it wears no tabooed-by-the-faculty hair-ribbon; takes what the teachers say seriously; never throws papers in "that forty dollar vase;" never attempts to shoot waste baskets through the rings of the shower bath apparatus; and occasionally pays its class dues.

Habits: Blue pencils junior themes, in an endeavor to show an additional year's experience; systematically exercises the pianola in the music-room; prates about "next year"; takes away from the literature room all the books which the juniors will need for the next day's recitations; and leaves a clutter in the drawing room for poor little juniors to be lectured for.

Members of a Senior Colony.

Queen—The class president.

Workers—The "pluggers" and special students.

(a) Majors—those who keep their note books up to date.

(b) Minors—those who do not.

Drones—The rest of the class.

Division of Labor.

The workers sit up till midnight writing out "notes," and the drones —borrow them.

Metabolism.

(1) *Anabolism*—takes in unsuspecting undergraduates and oxygen.

(2) *Katabolism*—gives out C O 2 and unsolicited advice to juniors.

Irritability. Great.

Quiescent Period.

(1) *Characteristics*:

It enters this condition in the assembly hall between 8.30 and 9.00 A. M. During this period, it shuts itself up and refuses to engage in conversation with any talkative junior with which it may come in contact.

(2) *Purpose.*

Ostensibly—for better study.

In reality—to make a good impression on the powers that be.

Development of Sense(s).

This development differs in individuals, but on the whole, the five senses are fully as well developed in seniors as in human beings. The sense of sight, however, is unusual during English conferences with juniors, at which time, it is painfully acute. The musical sense has been observed to be developed in at least one form of the species. This special form wears golden tresses and glasses. The sense of humor is practically universal. Other than by "remarks," its modes of expression vary greatly, taking practically any form, from the putting of dead amphibians into desks of the timidly inclined to the roping together of statues of Venus and a Greek Athlete in the assembly hall. Common sense is developed only in isolated cases.

Adaptations to Environment.

The forehead is contracted between the eyes to form a vertical line, which serves as a means of protection as it intimidates other forms; it possesses sufficient self-confidence to get an unprepared lesson "by" the critic teacher in the practice school; it can maintain "interested" expression in any class and be thinking of "last night" at the same time. Has sufficient concentration to remain oblivious to echoes from the "101 Songs" book wafted through the building; enough good nature to march forth to the garden with its little rake, and impersonate Maud Muller planting peas; has the skill to be able to sit down at a lunch-room table without demolishing the ornamental earthenware thereon; accommodating enough to use one text-book with eight others; has a "skin of the right thickness" so that it can live happily in spite of criticism.

Advance over Juniors.

Has learned how to make a hit with the faculty; it knows better than to wear gaudy clothes on "drawing" day; it can look solemn and intelligent during morning exercises; and it can sing the Lord's Prayer without looking at the "Jubilate Deo."

Economic Importance.

Waters plants and corrects papers for the teachers, and suppresses the noisy junior pests in the assembly hall during study hours. I. M. G.

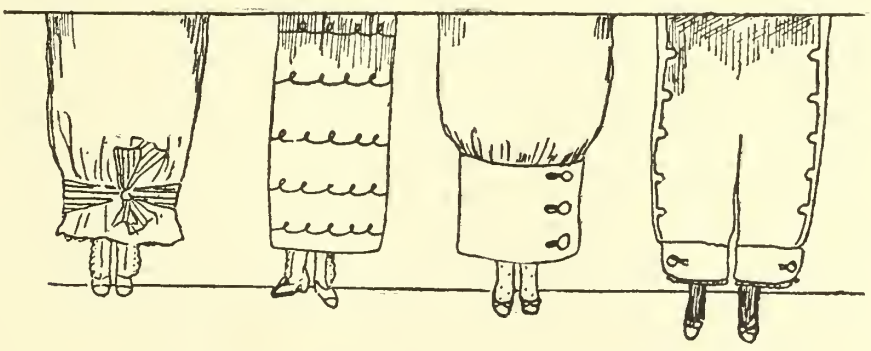
A Comparison.

A year in school has all the points of a good basket-ball game. To begin with, we intend to win in both, and in both cases the victory must be won by hard work. There are times when we have to "step lively" and do some solid guarding, as when we "dig" in a difficult lesson; and then there are times when we have easy passing, as when we strike a lesson that we had in the high school.

There are a few trick plays, to be sure, as when we try to pretend that there was a mistake in the assignment, but as in basket-ball, these fail to work with the umpire, the teacher. Occasionally there are fouls that we take advantage of; for example, when we get our work from some obliging friend, and on the strength of it, establish for ourselves a temporary reputation for "smartness." Another foul consists in carelessly glancing at our notes or book, yet not so carelessly as to prevent our seeing just what we wanted to see there. Here, again, the teacher is astonished by the sudden and unwonted sagacity of our recitation.

Making a goal is like accomplishing a term's work; we must aim high or we shall "fall below." We must fight against the opposing forces that try to keep us away from the goal; the natural affinity of school girls for dances and spreads, that sleepy feeling that comes over us about 8 P. M. when we have five lessons and a psychology paper to do for the next day.

If, when the referee's whistle blows for "time up," we have succeeded in making a good score and have a clear conscience of having strained our mental muscle to the utmost, then indeed we may make a "rooting-ring" after the fashion of our basket-ball boys and give three cheers for our school life and our Alma Mater. K. V. S.



MR. WHITNEY PROPOSES A STUDY OF "SKIRT-LINES" INSTEAD OF "SKY-LINES" IN THE DRAWING CLASSES.

MUSIC

The school as a whole owes a great deal of gratitude to Mr. Archibald for the opportunity he gives to the students to become familiar with good music. In order to enable as many as possible to hear performances of the Boston Opera Company and Symphony Orchestra, he bought this year a number of season tickets which were paid for by subscription of the students. Those who attended were all enthusiasm for the singers and the opera.

The Thursday morning programs were quite as enjoyable as the outside concerts. The literature and music were correlated, with the emphasis, of course, on the latter. When Miss Peet's classes had made a study of the ballad, several mornings were devoted to singing ballads of different nations, the English and Irish. Lack of time prevented our finishing the schedule of the Scotch and Polish. All the students took part in these programs, some singing in groups, others individually.

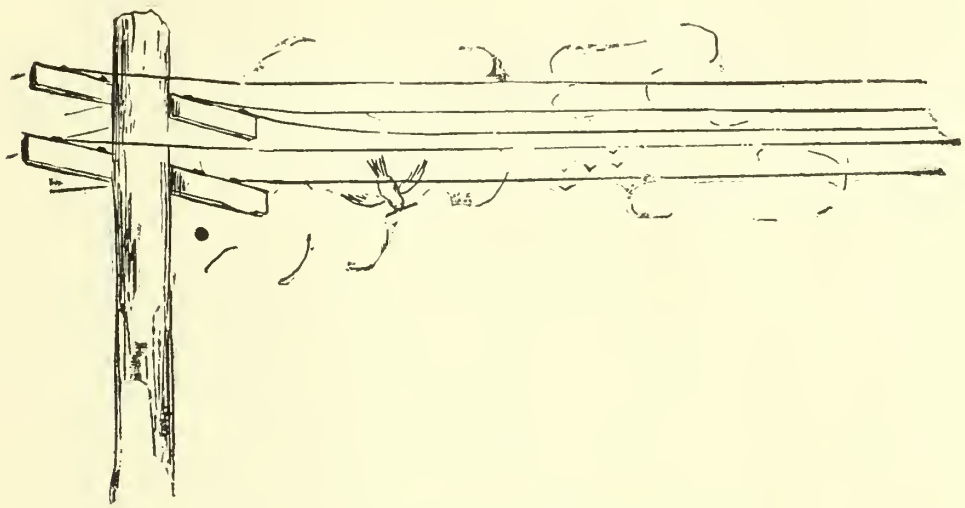
Mr. Archibald always tried to make these concerts, as he says, "a family affair." He selects students with musical ability to furnish music such as Shubert's Unfinished Symphony and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. These selections made such an impression on the girls that they took to humming them continually between classes, and hammering them out of the long-suffering pianola after school hours.

Besides the "home talent," from time to time there were concerts by professionals. The most enjoyable was the performance of April 13, given by Miss Bee Mayes, the young Indian woman who has been in Boston this winter. Miss Mayes' Ojibway name is Floating Cloud, and the name is descriptive of its owner. Her simplicity, grace, and winning smile immediately won the sympathy of the audience. She told the pathetic Indian legends as only an Indian girl who has heard them by the night fires can tell them. To the accompaniment of the harp, she sang the Indian songs with their odd, minor cadence in a way that called up visions of wigwams and

the wide prairies. She embodied all the free grace and litheness of her race in the dances. This Indian girl made us live and feel with her race, and aroused in us a sympathy for them that will always remain.

St. Peter, to Mr. Archibald: "Enter, minstrel, and hear the angels singing their *notes* of praise."

Mr. Archibald: "You must have borrowed that expression from my normal school girls, Peter. How can people sing *notes*? A note is only the representation, something with a head and a tail, that you write on the staff," etc., etc.



The April Rain.

Pit, pat, pat, the April rain
Dashed against the window-pane.
Pit, pat, pat, and down it fell
Till all the buds began to swell.

Pit, pat, pat, into the brook
Winding its way in a quiet nook;
Pit, pat, pat, as gay and free
As only April rain can be.

It fell in light and laughing showers
Over the banks of new-born flowers;
Over the birds as side by side
In the tiny leaves they tried to hide.

Pit, pat, pat, the April rain
Decked each tree with a shining chain.
Pit, pat, pat, it fell and then
The April sun shone out again.

R. V. Maddock.

ATHLETICS

The young men's basket-ball team, the first of its kind in the history of the school, has had an active and encouraging season. The team included all the young men of the school and one member of the faculty. In its weekly games it showed itself to be a match for the best teams in the vicinity.

The game between the basket-ball teams of the Senior and Junior classes aroused the usual enthusiasm. The team colors, red for the Seniors and green for the Juniors, played a prominent part in the preparations for the game. The victory, which was hard-fought and barely won, went to the Seniors.

This year marks the formation of a tennis association. Although as yet, the organization is not firmly established, it bids fair to be an important addition to the athletics of the school. The aspirants to skill on the tennis court provide much amusement for the audience which gathers at the school windows. It is so easy to laugh at the efforts of somebody else.

The gymnastic work of the year has been made much more effective by the change which has given each class two-hour periods twice a week. This allows more time for dressing and for the work in teaching gymnastics which is taken up in the Senior year. The aesthetic dances and folk dances have been a very pleasant and useful innovation.

Th shower baths, which were installed at the beginning of the year, have proved one of the most delightful features of the work. After an hour's warm exercise in the gymnasium, the showers are a welcome treat. For those girls who are not strong enough to take vigorous exercise, they are a useful substitute.

E. M. K.

"OUR FIRST" BOYS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

Aspirations.

I'd like to be the Captain of a boat and sail the sea,
With a cargo just of chewing-gum and real grown-up tea,
And I'd be a wicked pirate robbing vessels near and far—
But who would hear my prayers at night
Without my Mar?

Or I'd like to be a hunter and own a real gun,
When the tigers see me coming you can bet you they will run;
And I'd camp out in the jungle like our gallant Teddy R,—
But who would tuck me in at night
Without my Mar?

M. C. M.

God's Eye.

Not the shadows do I fear,
Reaching out to grasp me here;
But the Moon, the big round eye of the sky,
Fills my heart with terror chill,
Though I whistle loud and shrill;
Oh, I wonder if the moon is God's eye!

All unwinking it looks down
With a cold forbidding frown,
And where'er I go it follows me on high,
And I think with dire dismay
Of my misdeeds of the day,
Oh, I wonder if the moon is God's eye!

M. C. M.

Slips O' the Pen from Class Themes.

"I got up this morning very late, and as a result I had to eat cold *vitals.*"

"She was *pouring* heavily over a letter."

"We put the bedding out every morning so that the occupants might inhale fresh air."

"Big girls though we were, we took off our shoes and pattered about in our *bear* feet."

Salem In Olden Times.

Outline of Class Day Play.

Miss Solomon, Miss Maddock, and Miss Jenkins, Committee in Charge.

First Episode.

Naumkeag Indians at the Time of the Coming of the White Man.

The scene of this episode is the forest. Squaw Sachem, her three sons, and a number of Indian women are seated before a wigwam, mourning over the desolation in the tribe caused by the plague. An Indian runner enters and tells of the arrival of the white man, and later a medicine man appears, who has been sent for to intercede with the Great Spirit. The women rise to their knees to receive the blessing of the Medicine Man and the Sachem tells of the sickness that has befallen them, and of the arrival of the White Man, whom they fear even worse than the pestilence. She bids him intercede with the Great Spirit.

The Medicine Man makes his obeisance to the East, the West, the North and the South and, after piling twigs together into which he breathes the spirit of flame, he falls into a trance and communes with the Great Spirit. The message comes to him that the Naumkeags are to be relieved from the plague and protected from the wild tribes to the West, if they receive the White Man without resistance.

At this good news, the call to the Dance of Thanksgiving is sounded, and warriors enter silently from all parts of the wood and dance round the camp fire to the sound of the tom-tom and the chanting of songs. At the end of the dance all vanish as quickly as the warriors had come.

Second Episode.

Early Puritans on a Sabbath.

Two Puritan women kept from church to care for the sick, come hurrying to the church door and one tells of having seen an Indian in war paint and feathers lurking about. She expresses her fear of an attack by the Indians. In the midst of this conversation the chanting of a sacred psalm is heard from within the church and soon after the people file out of the building and gather about in groups. Some of the children of the congregation become restless and frolic about, but are sternly reprimanded for profaning the Sabbath. The minister is told of the Indian who has been lurking about. He asks the people to kneel and pray that the threatened danger of an attack may be averted. Then the people march home in order, the women in the middle, the men acting as guards.

Third Episode.

A Trial for Witchcraft.

(Adapted in part from "Ye Little Salem Maid" by Pauline Bradford Mackie.)

Scene I. A young girl, Deliverance Wentworth, is playing with a little yellow bird which hops about her without fear. As the child dances around delighted with the bird and with a yellow satin gown that she is wearing, two Puritan maids come upon her among the trees and watch her suspiciously. They discuss her vanity and whisper certain rumors current about witch maidens. Deliverance sees them and greets them kindly, but they reprove her for her love of fine clothes, and follow her from the scene with coldness in their manner.

Two women enter, gossiping about witchcraft rumors. They relate that Goodwife Higgins, the housekeeper at the home of Deliverance, had seen the child turn into a little yellow bird; how, when one of the men of the village, Jonathan Jamison, was drinking at the town pump, had seen her laughing at him, and how the water had immediately taken on a sour taste and caused him great pain. They tell next of how a little boy had fallen in a fit when she tapped him on the head. Tituba, the old Indian woman who had confessed to witch-craft and had been acquitted, passes by. The women shrink from her in dread. While they are still gossiping a guard approaches, leading Deliverance, whose hands are chained behind her back. She has been arrested for witch-craft.

Scene II. Judges, minister, guards, and villagers assemble in the Meeting House. Deliverance is led in. The court discusses her vanity and then calls for evidence against her. The first to testify is an old woman, Goody Hobbs, who claims that she had seen Deliverance talking with Satan in the woods, and that the latter turned the milk in her pail sour. Goodwife Higgins and Jonathan Jamison testify, and then as a final test, the child who had fallen in a fit is brought in screaming. Deliverance is told to touch him and break the spell. She feels pity for the child and speaks to him soothingly. He becomes calm, and Deliverance then sees that she has unwittingly proved herself a witch. Cotton Mathers calls her to confess and give up her allegiance to Satan, but she proclaims her innocence, whereupon she is sentenced to death by hanging.

Fourth Episode.

Salem at the Time of Her Commercial Supremacy.

This episode is founded upon a secret expedition for pepper to Sumatra in 1795. The Rajah, a ship carrying four guns and a crew of ten men, was fitted out by a Salem merchant and put under the command of Captain Carnes.

The scene opens with a picture of the home life of the period. The sea-captain's wife and eldest daughter sit spinning and singing, while a younger child sits working on a sampler. News is brought that signal flags are flying showing that the Rajah has been sighted.

Presently the Captain enters the house and is warmly greeted by his family, after his eighteen months' absence. He tells of the marvellous success of the expedition. The neighbors come in to hear of the voyage. The Captain unpacks a sea-chest showing the treasure he has picked up at some of the ports in the East Indies and which he has brought along with the cargo of pepper.

Fifth Episode.

A Colonial Ball at the Time of Washington's Visit.

In a hall decorated for the reception of Washington, guests enter dressed in colonial costumes. They mingle for a few minutes and then go through an old-fashioned minuet in a stately, dignified manner.

Final Scene.

A pageant of all the characters of the various scenes.

My Pennies.

I had ten bright new pennies,
I earned them all myself.
I put them in a toy bank
And placed it on the shelf.
Mamma took my ten pennies,
And gave me just one dime.
She said 'twas just as many
As I'd had all the time.
What puzzles me to know is
How one can equal ten.
I want my ten bright pennies,
I want them back again.

C. Perley.

Class Directory.

"Be Sure and Write."

Albert, Rose,	20 Grape St., Malden.
Barteau, Clara Irene,	13 Kimball St., Amesbury.
Burnham, Mary Alice,	Western Ave., Essex.
Beadle, Helen Josephine,	Groveland.
Cotton, Edith Frances,	48 Glen St., Malden.
Cressy, Ruth Augusta,	380 Cabot St., Beverly.
Cronin, Sybil Louise Mary,	3 Baldwin St., Cambridge.
Crosby, Mildred Parker,	235 Main St., Groveland.
Crowley, Madeline Usher,	5 Merrill St., Danvers.
Curley, Grace Francis,	101 Elm St., Marblehead.
Cushing, Mary Esther,	361 Rantoul St., Beverly.
Danner, Bertha Hertgen,	7 Andrew St., Malden.
Decatur, Rena Althea,	West Peabody.
Dickinson, Helena Minnie,	52 Centre St., Danvers.
Doyle, Alberta Ruth,	122 Walnut St., Reading.
Eames, Hilda Weston,	North Reading.
Edmands, Mary Luella,	9 Franklin St., Saugus.
FitzGerald, Mary Frances,	89 Hammond St., Cambridge.
Granfield, Susie Frances,	71 Greene St., Reading.
Grant, Grace Marguerite,	1 Lawrence St., Chelsea.
*Griffin, Mary Elizabeth,	10 Lowe St., Peabody.
Harlin, Gertrude Alice,	222 Norfolk St., Cambridge.
Harrigan, Frances Agnes,	15 Porter St., Danvers.
Harris, Daisy,	34 Main St., Saugus.
Hickey, Emma May,	48 Carrouth St., Dorchester.
Hill, Mabel Louise,	Georgetown.
Hinkley, Fannie Crowell,	3 Knowlton St., Beverly.
Howard, Ethelyn Adams,	49 Glen St., Malden.
Hoyle, Lillian Mary,	41 Henry St., Everett.
Hunter, Ethel Annas,	23 Sheafe St., Malden.
Israelite, Anna Bessie,	80 Pearl St., Chelsea.
Jenkins, Lena,	Argilla Rd., Ipswich.
Johnson, Helen Louise,	177 Euclid Ave., Lynn.
Kline, Elizabeth Margaret,	182 Prospect St., Cambridge.
Klippel, Laura Estelle,	12 Piedmont St., Salem.
Lambert, Georgia Dorothy,	33 Elm St., Lynn.
Lang, Florence Ardell,	57 Lincoln St., Bradford.
Lord, Florence Elliot,	13 Beckett St., Peabody.
Macdonald, Josephine Elsie,	11 Trull St., Somerville.
Maddock, Ruth Valerie,	15 Oak St., Amesbury.
Magraw, Maria Pearl,	13 Lookout Terrace, Lynn.
*McPheters, Eva Lucretia,	94 Lexington St., Lynn.
McSwiney, Mary Cecilia,	212 Webster Ave., Chelsea.
Morrissey, Mary Jane,	19 First St., North Andover.
Myers, Ruth Ethel,	55 North Harmond St., Lynn.
Nelson, Maude Wellington,	11 Conant St., Salem.
Norton, Marjorie,	43 Willard St., Chelsea.
Parsons, Helen Gaffney,	Pigeon Cove.
Peachey, Florence Bailey,	9 Mapleton Place, Lynn.
Perley, Charlotte,	R. F. D. Georgetown.

Peterson, Marion Crosman,	107 Chester Ave., Chelsea.
Phillips, Edith Elizabeth,	44 Birch St., Lynn.
Poor, Ethel Mirriam,	5 Stone Place, Lynn.
Pratt, Eva Louise,	60 Ashland St., Malden.
Prescott, Dorothy Nutting,	616 Main St., Haverhill.
Quinn, Alice Irene,	47 Hillside Ave., Swampscott.
Ramhofer, Lena Louise,	14 Cowperthwaite St., Cambridge.
Reeve, Alice Louise,	Lincoln Ave., Salem.
Reiman, Elsie May,	32 Ashland St., Newburyport.
Reynolds, Abbie Elizabeth,	228 Chestnut St., Lynn.
Riley, Marguerite Rose,	32 Soudford St., Melrose.
Roche, Elizabeth Constance,	10 Bristol St., Salem.
Scott, Laura Amelia,	31 Fairmount St., Melrose.
Shannon, Mabel Elizabeth,	134 Franklin St., Lynn.
Small, Esther Louise,	22 Oneida St., Gloucester.
Smith, Lulu Belle,	56 Second St., North Andover.
Smith, Rose Catherine,	117 Prospect St., Somerville.
Solomon, Genorie Palmer,	19 Spruce St., Malden.
Spofford, Celia May,	Franklin St., Melrose Highlands.
Spofford, Lelia Frances,	Franklin St., Melrose Highlands.
Swanson, Gerda Florence,	15 Curtis St., Pigeon Cove.
Taylor, Sadie Mildred,	4 Neilson Ave., Everett.
Tucker, Mabel Hammond,	110 Front St., Marblehead.
Walsh, Katharine Frances,	122 Prospect St., Somerville.
Whalen, Abbie Elizabeth,	91 Friend St., Amesbury.
Wildes, Mildred Fern,	South Hamilton.
Eastman, Magna Dean,	Framingham.
French, Carrie Russel,	Brookfield.
Titcomb, Grace,	Box 3337 Boston.
Flaherty, Mary Aloyse,	37 Boston St., Salem.
Hayward, Beth Sylvia,	South Easton
Millea, Alice Marie,	50 Dayton St., Danvers.
Pedersen, Dora Christina,	8 Mountain Ave., Somerville.
Pedersen, Jennie Marie,	8 Mountain Ave., Somerville.
de Sloovere, Mary Constance,	2 Milk Row, Webster.
Turbett, Alice Rose,	19 Mason St., Salem.

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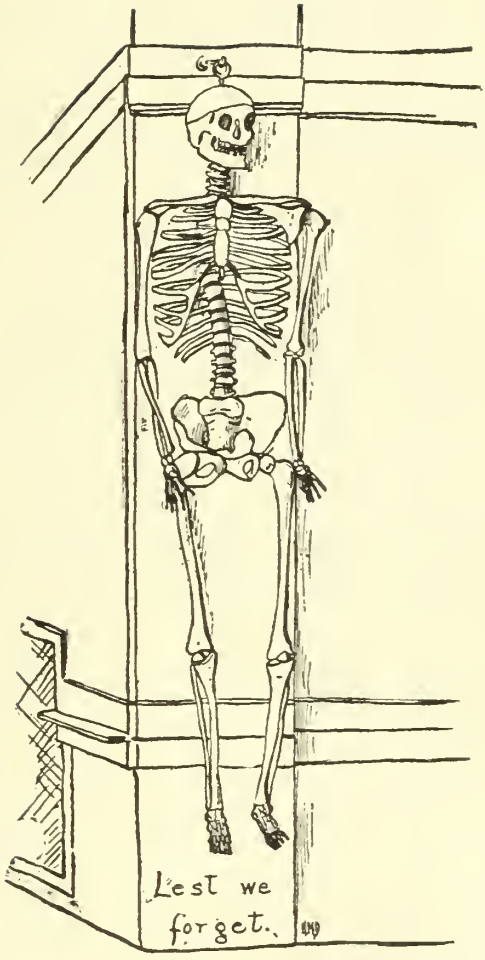
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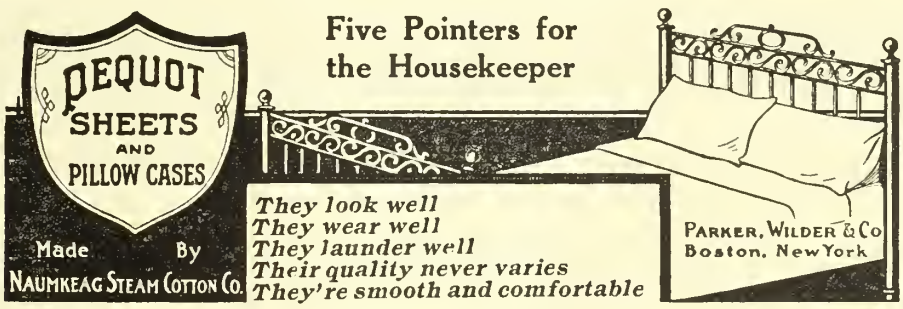

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